

ST. PATRICK'S DAY  
IS ON MARCH 17th.  
A GREAT DAY.  
ST. JOSEPH'S FEAST  
IS ON MARCH 19th.  
AND MARCH 25th IS  
THE FEAST OF THE  
ANNUNCIATION.  
A GREAT MONTH,  
MARCH!

# RESTORATION



COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—MARCH, 1957

VOL. X.

## Two Newsy Newsletters From Marian Centre And From Maryhouse

Sometimes the editor of such a tremendous paper as *Restoration* has to write and rewrite as well as edit; and there are times when he must even help out one of his staff writers—with a word of explanation here, or a revealing clause there. It is so in the present case. Dorothy Phillips, the director of Marian Centre, in Edmonton, was in the hospital. And Terry Richaud wrote the weekly "newsletter" for her. Between the branches of Madonna House these letters travel constantly, so that everybody in the apostolate knows what everybody else is doing; and everybody keeps in touch with everything the apostolate is experiencing, or accomplishing, or attempting.

Now Terry is a nurse; but in the apostolate one is an apostle first and nurse second. Terry can't type. But she has a volunteer who does the typing. And she'll tell you she wasn't a writer, but she would be wrong. We have two newsletters she recently sent Madonna House. We are printing a sort of digest of them here, in lieu of Dot Phillips' monthly story.

By Terry Richaud

We changed our newsletter writing day to Monday, all because I cannot type. Tonight one of our regular volunteers will type it for me. Right now I'm using a pencil. It is 11:15 a.m. I can hear the boys at breakfast enjoying Elsie's efforts to copy down a new song the Happy Gang is putting on the air. The first verse goes, "When in a tizzy, relaxez vous." Perhaps you have heard it.

Let Me Explain

(This is Elsie Whitty, a lassie who came to Madonna House from Scotland. Elsie is a nurse, but she went to Edmonton as a staff worker, to take the place of Marite Langlois. Marite is now conducting the Catholic Information Center in Edmonton. Elsie's first job was nursing Dot. Now she helps with the breakfast, and does other elemental work.)

Irv Boechler is coming tomorrow to take over serving stew. This will relieve Marvin, and he will be free to finish a head board for Dot's bed, and make a few changes in her clothes closet before she returns from the hospital.

It was wonderful having Bernadette for even a short while. She was full of bounce and joy. Marvin drove her to the monastery Thursday. When she was about to step out of the truck she said, "I'm scared." But she went right in.

Ye Ed Again!

(The editor intrudes again to explain that Bernadette is one of the girls who found her vocation at Madonna House. She decided to enter the Precious Blood Monastery in Edmonton. She left us in a blaze of tears and kisses and glory.)

Late Thursday evening Dot Phillips had two visitors from the Precious Blood Monastery. She recognized one; but the second didn't seem at all familiar. Before she knew what was happening the strange nun had thrown her arms around her, and was saying "Look at me, look at me!"

Then she got up and waltzed around the room, exclaiming, "Holy Cow; I feel as if I were at a masquerade ball!"

It was Bernadette. She didn't

have to start her eight day retreat until Friday, and the superior had graciously allowed her to put on a habit and make this visit to Dot. Isn't that superior a darling and a gem?

I think somebody told you how Bernadette was given Dot's room in Marian Centre, the night she arrived, and how she raved about being so near the chapel, and how she cried out, "Holy Cow!" when Elsie brought her up some coffee. She thought she was a queen, she said.

### Pots And Pans

Last Wednesday when Marvin went to fetch the seminarians, who help us here, the nuns at the seminary gave him a truck load of huge pots, crocks, and large covered tins and dishes. Now Edie has sufficient containers and utensils for all her beans, raisins, bread and buns.

We had 255 men here for meals one Monday, our all time high.

Father Kearns gave us a talk on the visible signs of the true Church. But before he started he told the volunteers they were very fortunate to be getting this course, that God had chosen them, that they would have to accept the responsibilities that went with the knowledge they were gaining, and that anyone not prepared to accept that responsibility could drop out NOW.

Eight members of the C.Y.O. group from the Cathedral are coming to address envelopes for our begging letters. We hope to have the letters out by the end of the month.

(There was a P.S. to the letter. "I bet if Terry knew I was such an awful secretary she'd never have asked me to type this for her." It was signed, "Marvin.")

Now From The Yukon  
(And here are a couple of letters, "digested," from Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon.)

By Mamie Legris  
We are having another mild spell, although it has been 20 to 30 below all week. Mickey, our well-known truck, started this morning without having a fire lit under his oil pan; so Louie was able to collect the Indian people and drive them to Mass.

The bishop phoned last night to invite Louie, Mary Ruth, and the five Indian boys in our hostel, to have dinner with him. It isn't every day five school boys sit down at a bishop's 21st anniversary dinner.

The boys are doing well at school. They belong to the Junior C.Y.O. and are on a hockey team. There was a rip-roaring game last Friday night, and two of the boys came home slightly maimed. Joe lost a finger nail and Dalton sprained a wrist.

The bishop attended the game. He said, "You know the other boys have their parents to cheer for them; these boys haven't any one; so I like to encourage them." They are really good kids and there is a wonderful spirit among them. Louie is the "daddy" laying down the law to them this month.

### A Vigil Light?

Last night when he was going to bed, Louie saw a light in the hallway. He went to turn it off and found one of the boys kneeling before St. Joseph's statue, saying his night prayers.

The boy had been reading about Our Lady of Fatima, and the three little shepherds to whom she appeared. He told Louie something about it, "You know,



His Holiness Pope Pius XII was born March 2, 1876; and was elected to his high office March 2, 1939. He was crowned March 12. April and May are close to him too. He was ordained a priest on April 2, 1899, and was consecrated a bishop on May 13, 1917—the day Our Lady appeared to the children at Fatima.

some big cardboard doors opened, and the three children really saw hell!"

Recently Louie was talking to an Indian from Snag. He asked if they ever ran out of grub the e. "Yes," the Indian said, "but then I go out and snare some rabbits. I put them in the white man's soup and make a good stew." The white man's soup is, of course, in cans.

Our house is filled to capacity this week end. I had to refuse lodging to three transients. The boys' dorm is full. In the men's dorm are Copper Jack, a sick old Indian, an unemployed transient, a 12 year old boy waiting to be placed in a foster home, an Indian on his way to a hospital in Edmonton, and a 15 year old boy who came in from Telegraph Creek for a chest X-ray. There are six in the women's hostel.

### Life Is Not Dull

Mary Ruth made some new drapes for our library. The books are all catalogued, Deo Gratias, Louie has been helping with the plumbing in St. Joseph's. Fritz, the plumber, has been thawing out pipes all over town, but we got our plumbing completed Friday afternoon. We have a new propane dryer, and Louie is building a nice, level platform for it and the tubs, in the basement.

Last Thursday Fr. Gene Cullinan had his first lecture of the Maryhouse Series of 1957. His subject was "Confused minds and aching hearts."

We have started a "family hour." It is a get-together of the four of us each Monday evening from 9 to 10 o'clock, to "talk turkey." Last week we had to postpone it to Friday, and evidently we will have to do it again and again—postpone it, I mean.

There is a bad "Flu" in Whitehorse. It hit Louie and four of the boys.

A few days ago the Mounties brought us a transient; but he proved to be a mental case. He begged us to have the Mounties come and lock him up. Life is not dull here.

### Heart And Hand

By Kathleen O'Herin

In shadow, mist and darkness  
A crippled, nail-pierced hand  
Slowly reached for mine.  
It hesitated—  
I drew back.  
Then sunlight outlined  
Beauty in every  
Red stained fold,  
Forward I leaped  
And crushed it to  
My cold, unyielding heart.

### The Genuine Article

By Howard B. Schapker, S.J.

What does it mean for a man to be truly great? Can it be that history is studied too much on the surface? From such study we may get wrong standards of greatness—number of subjects, brilliance of mind, or organizational genius, to mention a few. Or could it be that some men are great in one line, but weak in another? So we speak of a great statesman, great general, or a great executive.

But what makes a great man?

### Ach! Der Kaiser

During World War I a certain German mother found out one day that her nine sons had fallen in battle along the western front. The "great" Kaiser Wilhelm also found out. To the sorrowing mother he wrote:

"His Majesty the Kaiser hears that you have sacrificed nine sons in defense of the Fatherland in the present war. His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph, with life and autograph signature."

During the Civil War a certain American mother found out that her five sons had fallen in battle. Abraham Lincoln addressed to her this personal letter of condolence:

"I have been shown a statement that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously in the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. —(Signed) A. Lincoln.

We have here two letters. One is written by a great man. The other is not. Abraham Lincoln was a great man in the full sense. Why?

### To Share Pain

In Lincoln we have a leader who with time grew in power and renown. But along with that he grew in that quality of soul which we call big-heartedness. Like huge pincers, his love for men spread wide and closed upon all, defeated and victor, slave and free.

Lincoln we know often paused to weep within himself at the sea of sufferings around him. He made no attempt to hide humanity behind Prussian stiffness. His

LENT BEGINS ON  
ASH WEDNESDAY,  
MARCH 6th.  
KEEP THE FASTING.  
AND KEEP THE FAITH.  
IT WILL BE THE  
LAST LENT FOR MANY.  
IF YOU SURVIVE IT—  
HAPPY EASTER!

No. 3.

## Relax!

Oh I know how it is  
with little ones.  
Always wanting to see  
Over the top of big stone walls,  
Or adults' heads,  
Or to climb to the top  
of the biggest tree,  
Or to race with butterflies,  
or trains  
or birds  
or new cars.

So I understand  
Your straining,  
Your striving,  
And the furrows in  
your earnest brow.  
But look!

Do you know what you  
are trying to do?  
You're trying to  
wrap your poor little heart  
Around Me!  
Around Infinity!

Relax!  
Come, sit right here in My  
hand.  
Come on.  
You make Me smile, sitting  
there so content.  
As if you'd just outraced  
a butterfly  
Or  
Comprehended Infinity!

## COMBERMERE DIARY

We don't know whether you have heard about our "night life" in Combermere or not. Some people have the idea that life in the country during the winter-time may be boring or dull—so let us tell you about it.

On Monday nights, the senior group of Staff Workers are finishing their "big course" with special lectures.

### Audio-Visual Stuff

On Tuesday nights, the recreation group, consisting of Lucille Dupuis, Mary Kay Rowland, Marlyn Williamson, Ray Fecteau, Sally Murphy, Dennis Happy, Theresa Davis, Ed Watson, Rose Gagne and Cathy Maynard have their Workshop. In this they carefully prepare a program for the local children who come here on Friday nights from 7 to 9 o'clock. This year we have averaged over 60 children each Friday night. This continues from October until May.

Also on Tuesday nights the farm group, consisting of Joe Hogan, Joe Walker, Ronald MacDonnell, and Bill Murphy have a meeting to study techniques. Two of them are enrolled in a correspondence course on Agriculture conducted by the University of Minnesota. They also have movies on Poultry Housing, Weed Control, Organic Farming, Pig Housing, Tractor Maintenance, and kindred subjects, which they obtain from a number of sources.

### Little Feet—Big Noise!

On Wednesday nights, the kitchen group, consisting of Laurette Patenaude, Alma Beauchamp, Rae Jean Neubig, and Mary Ann Gilmore, meet and have films on nutrition, food preparation, vitamins and the like.

And on Friday night, when the "invasion" of little feet fills every nook and cranny, we can find children from three to five years old in the library office; boys and girls, from six to eight, in the large dining room, along with the girls from eight to eleven. The boys between nine and eleven have handicrafts in the laundry. The older boys are in the workshop and in the Clothing Room.

Some mothers accompany the children, and do sewing, quilting, embroidery, etc., in the girls' dormitory at St. Martha's house. The teen-agers have their own sessions in the office of St. Martha's.

So, you see, the night life here is never stale or stodgy. Perhaps, too, this may give you an idea of why we are praying for sufficient funds to finish the new St. Goupli's building—for you can readily see that space is at a premium!

(Continued on Page Four)

## RESTORATION

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Combermere, Ontario  
Canada

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No. 3.

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Slow and deadly is the malady of our century. Like a hidden cancer it attacks the most vital parts of our nations, eating away the heart . . . the foundation—THE FAMILY.

Man divorcing his life from God. Rendering to Him Who Is, lip service only!

Behold the cancer begotten by this deadly disease of Secularism! Behold our homes. Beautiful houses, with all modern gadgets, all conveniences. City streets, the envy of other nations. Houses painted into rainbows, dotting our countryside. Never before did so many ordinary people own their own houses. Never before did these places have such ease, beauty, and comfort.

Yet are these wonderful houses really HOMES? Or are they just eating and sleeping places for a family whose members each live their separated lives . . . each going his individual way?

Gleaming kitchens! Show places! Where a meal can be gotten together with ease. Out of frozen, fresh, canned foods. This century, having lost the sin of gluttony, has made the science of nutrition almost its God. A food laboratory par excellence — where, alas, the family rarely "breaks bread together."

Rooms served and cleaned by that new servant, always available, always ready—electricity. Bed-sheets with ready-made corners. Radio and TV in every other room. Laundry done while the housewife sips a cup of refreshing coffee, and one can dry clothes regardless of the weather.

But where is mother? How many married women are out working to pay for these luxuries, these cars and ready-cornered sheets? HOW MANY MOTHERS THESE DAYS MAKE HOMES OF THESE PERFECT DREAM HOUSES?

Moorless children. Orphans of working mothers. Homeless waifs of our perfect houses and nonexistent "homes"! They become case numbers in social service offices and Juvenile Courts!

Empty childless hearts are fed with trite shibboleths, and made to render lips service again to the sweet names of "FATHER AND MOTHER" . . . via highly commercialized FATHER AND MOTHER DAYS.

Are there in truth ANY SPECIAL MOTHER AND FATHER DAYS? Should there be A SPECIAL SUCH DAY set aside? Isn't every day of a child's life, through his adulthood and unto his death, a father's and mother's day? And for parents, should not every day of their lives be SON'S AND DAUGHTER'S DAY? It should be and would be IN A HOUSE THAT IS A REAL HOME . . . IN A FAMILY THAT IS A REAL CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

No generation had ever had so much in the way of material prosperity and goods as ours has. None, it seems, was so restless, so tired, so worried. We have EVERYTHING. More than kings had or dreamed of having. Yet despair walks with us. Our laden hands clutch nothingness. And we rush about, seeking . . . in vain . . . happiness, roots, peace of heart!

The hidden cancer begins to show itself. Divorce. Separation. Broken homes. Broken hearts. Broken souls. Broken minds. Broken bodies.

BROKEN FAMILIES strew our land of beautiful houses. WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT? TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

TO ST. JOSEPH OF COURSE. Patron of the immense household of God, His Universal Church. Head of the Holy Family. Foster Father of God. Earthly spouse of His Virgin Mother. SPECIAL PATRON OF FATHERS, of modern fathers, who have been de-throned, set aside, almost forgotten, by their families. Fathers who have somehow become, for the most part, like cash registers that give out money at a touch.

TO ST. JOSEPH OF COURSE. Patron of a Happy Life as well as a Happy Death. The builder and restorer of homes. The holy Carpenter of Nazareth, whose strong gentle touch can indeed restore a house to its original use—A HOME.

TO ST. JOSEPH OF COURSE. Who took care of his wife and foster Son. And to whom both were obedient, as wives and children should be.

TO ST. JOSEPH OF COURSE. The young, strong silent man. His silence, once entered into, heals all it touches. His silence is a school of courage, faith and love. It makes a beautiful bridge between man and God, a bridge we need to find on, so terribly much today . . . when most lives are so empty of God that men have even forgotten the way back to Him.

TO ST. JOSEPH OF COURSE. The poor man, whose foster Son was born in a stable, and whose family lived most frugally and simply in a little forgotten village of Palestine. But who held in His arms the Wealth of Nations and the Light of the World, and who can teach us all how to empty our hands of tinsel and fill them with love, faith, happiness, and peace.

TO ST. JOSEPH OF COURSE. The mender of broken toys, furniture, houses . . . as well as broken hearts, souls, bodies, minds, and FAMILIES.

YES . . . LET US GO TO ST. JOSEPH . . . WHOM JESUS AND MARY LOVED SO MUCH.

## RESTORATION

## Eddies of 1957

By  
Eddie Doherty

Often, too often, I remember an astonishing and upsetting occasion. It comes back, like a bad dream, every December and every March. It embarrasses me. It angers me. It shrinks my silly head. It makes me feel like a clod, an oaf, a dumb dub, a silent abettor of heresy and ignorance, a fumbling, frustrated, fuming, flat-footed fuddy-duddy. And yet — the incident was good for me!

It was somewhere between mid December and Christmas, back in Chicago, in the forlorn forties, when Marshall Field was trying to give the Chicago Tribune some competition with his Chicago Sun, and I was a reporter on the Sun—the sinking Sun! (It never gave the Tribune so much as a slight tan.)

## Is Christmas News?

I had been sent to cover a lecture by a man whose name I have happily forgotten. He was scheduled to speak on the "meaning of Christmas." That, in our Christian era, prompted the Sun's city editor to suspect that a good reporter might find some news therein!

The man spoke in one of the upstairs rooms of the Chicago Public Library, a quaint marble building on the Boul Mich, and he spoke to quite a big audience. That surprised me — the size of the audience. The mad Christmas rush was at its maddest. State Street, always the most commercial thoroughfare in the world, was loaded with shoppers, and lined with sad-looking Santa Clauses with cold feet and cold looking receptacles and cold looking bells and terrible cold looking phony whiskers. The stores were crowded. The hotels were crowded. It was unbelievable so many people had come here to listen to what this man had to say about the meaning of Christmas.

I thought some had come merely to rest their tired feet. But no. They were attentive! They were interested! What the man was saying was news to them!

## Nobody Stirred!

He began by saying that nobody knew the year or the day Christ was born, but that the Church had automatically decided to fix the date as of December 25. He added that it had, also automatically and automatically fixed the date of the Immaculate Conception as of March 25.

I looked around, expecting the audience would show some signs of ridicule. I was sure somebody would get up and correct this blatant and snug exposure of crass ignorance. Nobody stirred. They shared the man's assumption that this was the truth. They listened to him with the reverence a sidewalk crowd affords the pitchman with a new gimmick, produced at great expense to sell at a trifling cost, for the benefit of the harassed and hurried housewife. They gave me the willies, they were so rapt!

The lecturer proceeded to talk of the Angel Gabriel's visit to the Virgin Mary, and about the "Immaculate Conception" which, nine months later, resulted in the birth of Christ! This, he assured everybody solemnly, was the meaning of Christmas!

I was so appalled I wanted to get up and stumble into the nearest corridor and poison myself with honest nicotine. I thought I might regain some measure of self-control in the pure fresh air outside the hall. I was even more appalled at the complacency of the crowd that had listened to this "explanation of Christmas." I was so stunned I stayed.

## Poor Old Sun!

I sat there, squirming a little, perhaps, and let the man go burbling on and on about what he called "the Church's doctrine" of the Immaculate Conception! I wonder now what church he had in mind.

Later, days and weeks and months and years later, I wondered why I didn't conjure some fire into my numbed brain, and some life into my petrified carcass, and rise and shine. But, like the paper I represented, I just set. I shed no light at all.

Why didn't I inform the gentleman that he was talking about "the Virgin birth" — as so many Protestants call it — and not about the Immaculate Conception? I don't know. But, whenever the bad dream returns, I try to imagine myself springing upright, kicking back my chair, and taking the lecture away from him too, and telling them some lovely things about Our Lady.

## I Should Have Said—

"When we Catholics mention the Immaculate Conception," I

fancy myself telling the wide-eyed ladies and gentlemen, "we mean that Mary was conceived without any taint of sin. Mary, not her Son! No Catholic speaks of the birth of Christ as a 'virgin birth' though we do believe He was born of the Virgin. We believe she was a virgin after the birth as well as before."

"We believe Mary to have been chosen by God — the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost — from all eternity. We believe her to have been selected to be the mother of the divine Savior. We believe that she was conceived without the least stain of original sin. We believe she lived all her life, sinless, immaculate, full of grace. God hates sin. He could not possibly will Himself to be born of a woman blemished by even the slightest sin."

"You are confused. You probably heard Catholics saying the Angelus. 'The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary; and she conceived of the Holy Ghost.' You probably heard some of us say 'she conceived by the Holy Ghost.' I too have heard them say that! I have heard worse than that! I have heard them say 'she was conceived by the Holy Ghost.'

## Stuck To A Chair

"You are so confused that you think this is what we mean by the Immaculate Conception. We don't."

"The feast of the Immaculate Conception is set, automatically or automatically, if you like, not on March 25th, but on December 8th. That is the date Mary was conceived immaculate, free of all sin, in her mother's womb. The date of her birth is set, by the same aristocratic authority, on September 8th, exactly nine months later."

"But I stuck to my chair, mute, inglorious, listening to nonsense and doing nothing about it!"

The shame of the incident has never taken sick and died in me — though at times its pulse was too slow to be recorded and its heart could not be detected pumping even faintly.

It was like a denial of faith. It was like walking away from a good free-for-all fight without a single blow. It was like darting into a dark alley at sight of a tough guy coming down the street. It was like a desertion. It was like a little death.

## Sorry No News

I stayed mum! Sometimes I try to excuse myself on the ground that I was not exactly a spectator, an ordinary listener. I was a newspaperman. I represented the Chicago Sun. It was not the Sun's job to get up and holler, "Don't be stupid, Mister; listen to me!" It was the Sun's job merely to print the news, if there was any news to print. There was no news.

Sometimes I wonder how many Catholics there were in that audience, and how many felt the way I did. I wonder how many were as confused as the lecturer was. I wonder how many had never heard of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception until that time.

And I wonder how many, reciting the Angelus — if they do — have got into the habit of saying "she conceived by the Holy Ghost."

One good thing the lecturer did was to make me — eventually — a better Catholic, and a more militant champion of Mary.

Otherwise, I think, I should have perished of self-loathing!

## Prayer

Come, Holy Spirit  
Replace the tension within us  
with a holy relaxation,  
Replace the turbulence within us  
with a sacred calm,

Replace the anxiety within us  
with a quiet confidence,  
Replace the fear within us with a  
strong faith,

Replace the bitterness within us  
with the sweetness of grace,  
Replace the darkness within us  
with a gentle light,

Replace the coldness within us  
with a loving warmth,  
Replace the night within us with  
Thy day,

Replace the winter within us with  
Thy spring,

Straighten our crookedness,

Dull the edge of our pride,

Sharpen the edge of our humility,

Light the fires of our love,

Quench the flames of our lust,

Let us see ourselves as Thou seest us,

That we may see Thee as Thou hast promised

And be fortunate according to Thy word,

"Blessed are the pure of heart, for

they shall see God."

Rev. John J. Dougherty, S.S.D.

## OUTER CIRCLE

## LETTER NO. 140

Dear Friends, We have touched on so many facets of the problem of parents and children in our last Outer Circle Letters that I think it is time now to get away from "problems" and begin a nice, peaceful, and positive approach to the whole matter of marriage, home, and children.

3—

Do you subscribe to, and READ, your Diocesan Weekly Newspaper?

2—Do you subscribe to Catholic magazines for yourselves (adults)? If so, how many?

Do you READ them regularly, or do you send them on to some charitable Institution with their original wrappers unbroken? (We get many such.)

3—Do you know that there are very good Catholic Magazines for children of almost all ages from 5 to 16 years old? To mention but a few:

A—HI—from 4 up.

B—LITTLE MINE—pre-primer.

C—MINE—early grades.

D—THE CATHOLIC MISS OF AMERICA—teen-agers (early).

These are all issued by PUBLICATIONS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH, 25 Groveland Terrace, Minneapolis, Minn. (5), U.S.A.

E—MANNA—a general youth magazine for age 8-12 boys and girls.

Published by the SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE SAVIOR, Nazianz, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

F—THE CATHOLIC BOY—for boys from 9-10.

Published by THE CATHOLIC BOY, Notre Dame, Indiana.

What About Games?

These are just a few titles. There are many more, I am sure. And what about games? Real, wonderful games that all folks, young and old, love? We know how good these are. We have tried them on "your" children . . . meaning anybody's children in the U.S.A. and Canada. And we found them fascinating. Why not write to the CATECHETICAL GUILD, ST. PAUL 1, MINNEAPOLIS, U.S.A.? Their catalogue is something to see!

Newspapers, magazines for adults and for all ages of children, and special games, all directed to a proper Catholic evaluation of values — which so easily can be had and given — through these normal channels! These will go a long way to prepare the souls of youth for life, as well as to open wider horizons of faith to parents. There is no better way to learn than to teach. Is there?

Cream? Sugar?

Thank you, I will take a second cup of that good tea of yours, before I return again to BOOKS.

We discussed special books that deal with Liturgical customs that can be made part and parcel of a Catholic family year, bringing God to them and them to God, in a truly wondrous fashion. But beside these "special books" — what about good Catholic books?

And what about just good books, not necessarily "Catholic"? Classical literature. Good fiction, and non fiction?

Are your children and you going to be deprived of your spiritual and cultural heritage . . . of the greatest "friends" man ever had?

Books are truly the friends of a lifetime. Friends that never fail. Must you go without them just because you are not used to book reading, and are satisfied with TV, picture magazines, and comics?

Complaining about children reading comics, and not SUBSTITUTING GOOD READING for same, is a sad waste of time. It is fine to censor news stands, and write indignant letters to press and publishers. But how much simpler it would be if parents started slowly to build a nice little home library! This can be so easily done nowadays, via Catholic Book clubs. Here are some of them.

Some Good Books

The Jubilee Magazine Book Club, 377 4th Ave., New York, 16, N.Y.; The Thomas More Book Club, 210 W. Madison St., Chicago, and The Catholic Youth Book Club, Mineola, N.Y., U.S.A. From these, even on a very slender book budget, a family can easily form a lovely all-round home library.

Do you ever read aloud to the children? It keeps the family together. And it gives children a beautiful heritage of memories. Such readings are truly a family affair, and spring boards for much wholesome discussions and fun.

Morning prayers. Evening prayers. Grace before and after meals. Family Rosary. Prompt and early family attendance at Sunday Mass. Regular weekly Confessions and Communions (to begin with). Good Catholic reading for the family, in the shape of Catholic newspapers, and magazines (for all members of the family except baby). The slow building of a home library. Reading together. This is what I would

## THE B'S CORNER

This year of grace, it seems, is spelling Travel for me in big letters. It has already taken me to Detroit for a series of lectures. March will bring me to Boston and the Eastern Conference of the Secular Institutes. June will be for me a month of roses indeed, for I will spend it, God willing, in Portland, Oregon, incorporating, and transferring officially, the former Friendship House of that city, into our Secular Institute of *Domus Dominae* (Madonna House), at the request of both the present staff there and His Excellency Archbishop Edward Howard of that Diocese.

Back to Combermere, for the Summer School of Catholic Action, which promises to be quite large this year. Then, in September, off to ROME, ITALY, for the second World Congress of the Lay Apostolate, October 6-13.

I hope, while in Europe, to visit other Secular Institutes and Catholic Action Centers, returning home by the middle of November. Yes, TRAVELLING seems to be the key word for 1957.

### To Serve Him Better

I like travelling. I have travelled since birth. (I was born in a Pullman car.) There was a time when I enjoyed travelling for its own sake. Now I enjoy it because of the people I meet. They, being of the apostolate, teach me, and, through me, all of us in the Institute, many wondrous things about the love of God, and about ways and means to serve Him and our neighbor better.

Speaking of travelling, this last lecture trip to Detroit gave me much food for thought, as well as much joy. I spoke at a Sodality rally held by the University of Detroit, which brought Sodalists from many parts of the U.S.A. Adults, married, with many responsibilities, College students, High School boys and girls, and the moderators, nuns and priests. It was a glorious sight to see. Truly this is the Marian age, as well as that of the apostolate of the laity.

But the heart of my joy, was to see the new approach to Sodalities. Gone was the old lackadaisical grouping of adults and youth under a somewhat limp banner of Our Lady. Gone were the little cliques that formed almost unconsciously, and made it at times hard for people who did not quite "belong" to any group, to feel at home. Gone also were the "social accents," which transformed the usual parish or school sodality into just another "social club," with accent on dancing and parties.

Yes, all this was gone. Alleluia!

### What A Sodality Is

Its place was taken by a deep, abiding understanding of what a SODALITY REALLY IS, and what it means to be A SODALIST, A CHILD OF MARY. There is now a serious probationary term which gives the beginnings of a spiritual formation. The accents are all on that SPIRITUAL FORMATION. It is not easy now to be a sodalist. One has to realize that it is an honor, a privilege, to belong to Mary's inner family.

One must realize now, that seeking Jesus without Mary, means seeking Him in vain. She is the Gate to Him. He came to us through her, and desires that we should go through her to Him, and through Him to the Father.

Now each aspirant understands that this is not a social club, through which he may enjoy a good time, after a few desultory prayers have been said and a swift

## To Our Lady Of Combermere

A frightened bird  
Huddled in its loveless prison.  
Fearful.  
Empty.  
Hungry  
And alone.  
Rapping on windows  
That seemed to offer warmth.  
Only to turn away  
With a worse despair.  
But one day a new warmth  
reached it.  
Strong hands  
Caressed it.  
Lifting it into the arms  
Of a new and wondrous world.  
It felt safe and warm  
In this new world  
Of Love.  
Then slowly  
It too, began to love.  
And now it knows that,  
When a new season shows  
It is the time to go,  
The hands that have caressed it  
Will release it.  
That it may surge and soar  
In search of its Creator?  
—Terry Richaud

business meeting concluded. No. He now knows it is a hard, sweet road to sanctity, which demands all of oneself. In a word that it is THE NOVITIATE . . . THE SCHOOL . . . OF LOVE . . . WHERE MARY, THE GRACIOUS MOTHER OF GOD, IS NOVICE MISTRESS OF SOULS.

To me this was a breath of fresh air, a home-coming to Nazareth. It was beautiful and superb. I walked in joy.

It all was due to Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, who with paternal solicitude indeed, rewrote the Constitutions of Sodalities.

### The Beloved Jesuits

The trip also furnished me a deep meditation on St. Ignatius and his saintly sons of today. The U. of D. is in the hands of the Jesuits, whom I have known and loved since I was a little child.

I went to grade and high school taught by the Sisters of Sion in Egypt. The Jesuits taught there too. And they acted as Chaplains to the Sisters and pupils. My first Spiritual Director was a Jesuit. I was twelve years old then. My first retreat was made under a Jesuit Father. Then, for the first time, I heard a very simplified and short version of St. Ignatius' celebrated Spiritual Exercises. For years my mother kept my little note book pertaining to that retreat. It came back into my possession with her death in 1948 (RIP). I enjoy re-reading it.

For many years thereafter, St. Ignatius' sons directed my soul. My debt of gratitude to them is infinite. I learned much from them that helped me through the dark, lonely years of the foundations of our Apostolic Movement. This trip brought many memories back! It also brought new thoughts; among them, the need the Lay Apostolate has of the Jesuits, of St. Ignatius, and of his wondrous Spiritual Exercises.

### Need For Retreats

It becomes more and more apparent that such groups as ours, leading a totally dedicated life in the world, under vows, have great need TO RETREAT FROM THE WORLD, FROM TIME TO TIME, AND REST AT THE FEET OF CHRIST. The need for silence, meditation, and contemplation becomes almost a hunger akin to a devouring fire.

With it comes the need, too, to have that silence broken by the retreat master. He, as I see it, feeds mind and soul with spiritual food for meditation, which, in turn, leads to contemplation—the prayer of silence before God.

Week-end retreats, and even three or four day ones, are definitely not enough for groups of lay apostles in the market place. If there is a spot on this earth of ours that fills our days with an "INTENSE HEAT THEREOF," as the Scriptures say, it is this market place. One has to spend some DAYS IN THE HEAT OF THE MARKET PLACE to understand its "intensity."

### Need For All

For, from early morning to late into the night, the houses of the apostolates are wide open to all who wish, need, and desire to come. Day after day this primitive Christian hospitality brings a stream of weary, confused, tired, sick people. Hungry and thirsty ones too, needing to have their bodies and souls fed.

Sin too enters, in a wide, constant, smooth stream. Lay apostles have to deal with dead souls all day. How hard it is to keep loving the sinner while hating the sin only those know who had to do it in and day out for 10-12 hours every day!

To love. To pity. To compassionate. To serve. To fill. To understand. To try to heal. To be patient, with the infinite patience of God. To be tired and go on. To be weary and exhausted and not stop. To forget oneself and think of others always. To get up at night, to admit the homeless . . . the sick . . . the drunk . . . the wanderer. To teach. To cook. To clean and sweep. To nurse. To run libraries, catechetical classes, recreation centers for youth, labor schools, clothing centers, information centers. To try desperately, always, to be all things to all men. To pray constantly while doing all this.

### Thirty Day Retreats

Truly such a life needs to be lived IN GOD . . . THROUGH GOD . . . FOR GOD. That necessitates going to rest in the peace and quiet of a retreat at His feet.

How wondrous it would be if the saintly sons of St. Ignatius could give eight day retreats to begin with; and then, some day soon, thirty day ones FOR THE APOSTLES OF THE MARKET PLACE!

If anyone must learn utter surrender, complete death to self, and complete dedication to his strange vocation, it is a member of a Secular Institute. He is truly IN THE WORLD, yet NOT OF IT.

To bear the pain of Christ and

allow it to take over heart, mind, soul and sinews . . . one's body and soul . . . the tragic, deep pain of Christ in one's brethren requires great strength of will, and reason, illuminated by faith, working on that will!

And what virtue except OBEDIENCE, the crown of Poverty and the foot-stool of Charity, is so needed in the Lay Apostolate of this type?

### A Wondrous Dream

Who better than the Sons of St. Ignatius can help with the immense and constant needs of Lay Apostles? They, especially, are men of obedience. They are also men characterized by strength of will, and they too are to be found in the "market places."

They are needed so many places. Perhaps there are not enough of them to do all the things they have to do. Perhaps it is just a dream that I dreamed at U. of D.

Yet I fervently hope that some day it will come true. Some day, perhaps, the Superior General of the Jesuit Order will speak to his sons and suggest that each Jesuit house appoint a few priests to form a special band to study the whole Lay Apostolate.

Some day, perhaps, these priests will become experts in the apostolate's formations, foundations, history, canon laws, spirit, works, and needs. And then, armed with this knowledge, perhaps they will come to us, to feed our weary souls, and our hungry hearts, in the immense silence of God — in a long Ignatian retreat.

Yes, one learns much, traveling. One even learns to dream.

## Our Own Who's Who

DOROTHY PHILLIPS of Brunswick and Ottawa, Ontario, joined Madonna House Apostolate in November, 1950, and became a Staff Worker May 27th, 1951. In January, 1955, she became the Director of Marian Centre, our house in Edmonton. She is affectionately known as "Dot."

She has a deep sense of humor. She is slender and wiry and looks



many people who think the wind will blow her over. She blows the wind over, if you know what I mean!

Just take the case of Edmonton. She left Madonna House with \$100 and a blessing. And, with the help of God, she established a center in a few months and was feeding some 200 transient men a day. She has talents for writing and story telling. And, naturally, lecturing.

Marian Centre, 10528 98th Street, Edmonton, Alberta.

## Spiritual Direction

"The most important point is to have a good guide, a director well-versed in the days of God, and who is himself led by the Spirit of God. These good directors have always been very rare, and today they are more so than ever. Nevertheless, we may be quite sure that those good souls who wish to go straight to God will always find a man who can conduct them thither. The good providence of God is, in a manner, obliged to send them one, and He will never fail to do so, if they ask Him for it. We might almost say that it is always the fault of the souls themselves if they have not the director God wishes them to have. Let them, then, pray earnestly that they may find him to whom they ought to confide the care of their perfection; and when they do find him, let them open their hearts to him without reserve, let them listen to him with docility, let them follow his advice, as if God Himself spoke to them through his mouth. A soul in good dispositions and well guided can never fail to attain sanctity." — Manual for Interior Souls, Rev. J. Grou, SJ.

## RESTORATION

### Our Children

By Jose De Vinck

LET US EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN  
WITH  
THE DISCIPLINE OF THE JESUIT,  
THE TRUTH OF THE DOMINICANS,  
THE BEAUTY OF THE BENEDICTINES,  
AND  
THE JOY OF THE FRANCISCANS,  
SO THAT THEY MAY ATTAIN  
UNTO  
THE VISION OF THE CARMELITES.  
AMEN.

## An Indian Christ Child Goes to bed

By Mamie Legris

Dear boys and girls; Last night the Yukon air was crisp and clear, and a few snow flurries warned us that winter has decided to hang on. The Rocky mountains have had their snow caps on for several days. Tonight the northern lights, like a halo of God's blessing, shine over Maryhouse, our little mission. Very soon the thermometer will begin to drop, like a little boy falling into a deep hole; and temperatures of 50 to 60 below zero will make people hug their fire-places.

A little while ago I brought some quilts up from the basement and made a bed on the couch, the last available space for a bed. Christ has come to spend the night with us — in the person of a beautiful young Indian girl. She came with Father Rigaud, O.M.I., a missionary priest. They travelled some hundreds of miles from Ross River, camping on the trail. Once they had to cross a river, using only two planks for a bridge!

She proudly showed me the jacket of beaded moose hide her mother had made for her, then sank wearily onto the couch. In a few moments she was sound asleep. She will go to Lower Post to attend school with the Sisters of St. Anne. Tomorrow we will have to put another Indian child to bed. She is being flown in from a different mission area. She will sit quietly and listen to big Indians talking about moose hunting; or watch some missionary cut a boy's long and tangled hair. She will stay here a night or two, then go to school until June — when she will be flown back to the free-dom of her woods.

She proudly showed me the jacket of beaded moose hide her mother had made for her, then sank wearily onto the couch. In a few moments she was sound asleep. She will go to Lower Post to attend school with the Sisters of St. Anne. Tomorrow we will have to put another Indian child to bed. She is being flown in from a different mission area. She will sit quietly and listen to big Indians talking about moose hunting; or watch some missionary cut a boy's long and tangled hair. She will stay here a night or two, then go to school until June — when she will be flown back to the free-dom of her woods.

Many Indian boys and girls come to us, some for medical check-ups, and we must put them all to bed. Would you like to help?

I know you cannot help me lay out the quilts or arrange the pillows; but there are other ways you can help. For instance, you could sacrifice a few ice creams, or visits to the movies, and send us the pennies saved. We must have beds. We just can't turn children away, especially if it's 50 or 60 below zero, can we — and more especially if we realize that every one of them, boys or girls, is another Infant Christ? You can provide a sleeping mat for your little brothers and sisters in Christ. And they will sleep sweetly and soundly on the soft warm pillows of your sacrifices and your prayers.

Write me. I will be happy to answer your letters and tell you much more about Maryhouse, and this wonderful Northland, and the little ones we shelter. Address your letters to Mamie Legris, Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. God bless you and goodnight.

He is still Joseph the unknown, For silent and humble.

He always stands on the side, Letting the Mother and Child Go ahead of him,

For they are his only delight. But watch!

In heaven, the Father is touching

The iridescent curtain That was so light and so bright

That it looked as dark as the night

From where we can see it. Listen!

The touch of the Father

Has rent the curtain in two,

And out of its brilliant darkness

Has come Saint Joseph anew.

## SAINT JOSEPH

THE TREE  
MUST BE  
LAID LOW  
By The Ax



### Joseph The Unknown

By Catherine

Out of the silence, deep and holy, The gentle Joseph comes,

And every movement, every step—

Even his carriage—

Speaks of courage, understanding,

And of love.

He is not old,

But young and vital;

Tall, sparse,

With hair as soft as silk

And dark as night.

His eyes are blue.

Reflecting a glory

That is rarely seen,

For it has been given to him

To father the Son of God—

Without fathering.

The only man

To whom the Father

Would entrust His Son!

The Bride, the Church,

Knows him well.

It is at the feet of his silence

That nightily she lays her burdens;

For who, better than he

Who cradles in his arms

The flesh of God,

Can deal with His Mystical Body?

And her children bring to him

Thousands of broken dreams,

## Cooking With Mary

Then there is SAUERKRAUT! Of course it is not yet everybody's dish. But it should be. For it is cheap. And that is so important for most families nowadays. Also it is just jumping with vitamins, minerals, etc.

The country where I come from uses sauerkraut with every meal. In case you do not know how to make it, here it is — it is the SIMPLEST FOOD TO MAKE. A child could do it.

1—Take large firm cabbages.

2—Shred same fine.

3—Pound them down in a crock or barrel.

4—Put layer of shredded cabbages—layer of coarse salt.

5—Weight down, with stones, or what have you. Keep in cold weather outside for a month.

So, as you see from this recipe, sauerkraut juice is just the juice of salted cabbage, squeezed out by various weights properly applied. Now what could be cheaper?

So imagine my amazement when, entering a New York restaurant for breakfast, I saw on the menu . . . SAUERKRAUT JUICE TEN CENTS PER SMALL GLASS . . . TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR LARGE!

Somebody somewhere is making a lot of money out of simple things. Next time you get that can, or loose pound of sauerkraut, don't throw away the juice. Drink it and imagine you are in a nice restaurant, paying fabulous money for your vitamins.

### Sauerkraut Salad

Take fresh sauerkraut (from can). Squeeze well, taking all juice out. (Drink it next morning.) Add finely shredded raw carrots, some onion juice (you get that by grating an onion). Put to cool in frigidaire. (Salad must be served cold.) Meantime make your salad dressing.

1—Salad oil (according to amount of sauerkraut used for given meal).

2—Pepper to taste (no salt).

3—Large pinch of caraway, or celery seeds, or both.

Mix salad dressing with sauerkraut just before serving. DO NOT USE OIL OR ADD VINEGAR. The sauerkraut — IS SAUER — enough already. Wonderful salad this. Try it sometime!

### Sauerkraut Soup

for family of four

3 lbs of sauerkraut, juice and all.

6 medium sized onions, skinned.

1 good beef bone, medium size. 1 medium pinch of celery seed or salt.

6 carrots, cut up in 1-2" pieces.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Boil on medium flame for three hours. Serve piping hot. Yum!

### Sauerkraut-Sausage-Meat Loaf

for family of four

4 lbs of sauerkraut.

1/4-1/2 lbs of margarine or lard (bacon fat is best).

2 lbs of left-over sausage, wieners, pork meat, or beef meat, well ground (either fresh or left-overs cooked).

Pepper and celery seeds to taste.

Allow the sauerkraut to brown first. Put in sauceman on slow heat. Add margarine or lard and let simmer 'til brown, turning the whole over several times.

When the kraut is well browned, cool. Then mix kraut with meat. Add a little flour to hold the ingredients together. Bake for 30-40 minutes at 350. Allow crust to brown well too. Serve with meat gravy, or tomato gravy.

### CATHOLIC ACTION

(Continued from Page Three)

prudence. These are achieved only by putting off self — freeing self from prejudice, from emotion, from self-love.

"This is the humility learned in the school of Catholic Action." —Theology Digest, vol. V, No. 1, winter 1957.

### COMBERMERE DIARY

(Continued from Page One)

40 Below—40 Above

January brought us, in practically one week, the extremes of temperature from 46 below zero to 40 above zero. But right now in February we are in a middling 10 below zero.

On Sunday, January 20, members of the National Film Board, including Mr. Bert Anderson, Mr. Deacon, and Mrs. Polly McKay-Smith held a local meeting here to discuss problems of production, distribution and education through suitable films.

We had a very special privilege of having Father Victor Nys, a newly-ordained White Father, say one of his first Masses in our Chapel.

Although we have no parade on March 17th, we still enjoy the cake with green frosting. And the rest of the month to yourself!

## Robes Of Peace

By Carmel Bride

I saw you, lovely as the morning rising  
O'er the sea,  
When yet the dark lay heavy on my heart,  
And all around me shattered dreams lay dumb  
And lifeless, stripped and bare  
Of all their mocking promises of joy.  
Your hands held garments for my lowliness  
And robes of peace, wrought of maternal love  
To cover me.  
You were the dawning of my new-born day.  
My first glad cry of freedom rose to you:  
Lo, all about me space and time stood still  
As I became a little child again Within your heart.

O Virgin! Be my sight, my vision through life's night,  
Be faith to me, and hope, and charity.  
O let your heart become a veil  
Twixt earth and me,  
Through which I gaze at God and man, surrendering  
To Love's demands.  
O fountainhead of purity! break forth

In surges swelling up and over me.  
Torrents of life and love and peace  
Careess me, joys that sweep  
And then lie still and strong and deep within,  
Possess me — utterly.  
As I, in you, become a bride today  
Like one adorned with garments spun in heaven,  
Lo, jewels fashioned for a Queen are yours  
And mine today, in you —  
For I shall be forever of your heart.

## An Appeal

A Carmelite Convent in South India is in urgent need of funds to build a school for the destitute orphans in their care. At present the classes are held in sheds and the children are exposed to the sun and rain. The Indian educational authorities demand that a proper school building be constructed. We lose many pupils because of this dilapidated shed. If it means a chance for the Indian children to learn about their Creator the worries and trials will be worth the effort.

I know that some dear readers will give out of their own poverty. Up to the present, these Carmelites have concerned themselves primarily with the day to day basic needs of these orphan children — keeping them supplied with food and clothing. The requirement of a school building represents an emergency of tremendous proportions. Donations may be sent directly to the Superior, Rev. Mother Alphonsus, St. Teresa's Convent, ERNAKULAM, South India. India Air Mail postage: 25c. God Bless You.



## City Pastoral

I saw a strange, incongruous thing the other night:  
A Shepherd, worried, walking up and down  
The city street, as through a broken fold,  
Searching for sheep.

His troubled look disturbed me. I tried to cheer Him with a jest: "A trifle difficult to find one straying sheep," I said, "In the highways and the byways of the town!"

The Shepherd fixed his earnest gaze on me, reproachfully, I thought. "One lamb is safe," he opened his cloak to show a trembling, wounded creature) "The ninety-nine are lost."

He hurried past me down the dim-lit street, searching for sheep.

—Sister Mary Vincentia

(Taken from CANTICLES column, edited by Daniel J. Stieble, in Cincinnati, CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH-REGISTER, Friday, August 31, 1956.)

## Are You Filed?

clude your husband's first name or initials (e.g. Mrs. Mary Jones, (Mrs. Harry D.). Otherwise we may have you listed twice on our files.

3—When your address changes, please give us the old address as well as the new one. And IF you write from a place of business, home of a relative, or vacation spot, please mention this. Then we won't change our records to agree with the address on your letterhead or envelope.

4—When your name changes, as in marriage, please send us your maiden name as well as your new name.

Thank you all, very much, for helping us to be "faithful over these little things."

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## Help Me

By Mary Ruth

In quiet spots  
Of prayer,  
When day  
Is done;  
In crowds  
Where noise  
Is loud  
And peace  
Has flown;  
In washtub,  
Kitchen sink,  
Or at the broom,  
In little things  
Where seeds of love  
Are sown.  
In plastering and sizing,  
Washing floors,  
Scrubbing and painting  
'Til the place  
Is neat.  
Help me  
The alabaster vase  
To break  
And pour my love's  
Good ointment  
O'er Thy Feet!

## Dom Virgil Michel

### Peered Into Our Day

One could write a volume on Father Virgil Michel's social, economic, political and philosophical thought.

Because change is of the very essence of economic life, of all human living, it is exceedingly important to remember that Michel's social writings fell largely into the depression period and before the social legislation of the 1930's was passed or took active effect.

#### Time Flies By

Such has been the progress of the American Catholic social movement that it is somewhat difficult to imagine the conditions of those times. But it is sobering, if not shocking, to recall that as late as 1938 — the year Michel died — the Supreme Court of the

but the full and final development of this trend away from God. In fact, it is the bitter fruit of a new paganism worse than the first because of its rejection of the Christian dispensation.

To his lot, then, it also fell to uncover and to attack the godlessness in economic, and political and social life, and this in terms of a living Thomism, of the encyclical and especially of *Quadragesimo anno*, of an integral and dynamic social Catholicism.

#### The Thinking Laity

One should not underestimate the importance of Michel's social writings in a time when the Catholic press was extremely conservative, when the social encyclicals were little known and less understood, and when, comparatively speaking, Catholic schools were doing little by way of teaching Catholic social principles.

Father Virgil wrote chiefly for the clergy, for the thinking laity, and for leaders, both Catholic and non-Catholic. While these writings entailed much study and research on his part, they made



United States debated the constitutionality of the Wagner Act, the Social Security Act, and state minimum wage laws.

And to cast Michel's life and work into proper perspective, it may be worth mentioning that he died before the first meeting of the American Catholic Sociological Society in December of 1938.

In the following year the Jesuits organized their Institute of Social Order.

One could get a very good picture of the great depression, of existing conditions, of proposed solutions, and of the 101 panaceas suggested, by reading Dom Virgil's many commentaries on life in those confused, fermenting times. But it must be stressed that he was, above all, concerned with underlying causes of social ills and not just their effects; with basic principles and fundamental concepts, rather than with their immediate application to concrete situations.

Father Michel's approach to social and economic problems was largely philosophical because the prevalent unjust and inhuman social conditions, he believed, were not merely the results of a cyclical depression but "the logical result of the general philosophy of life that guided human affairs for some centuries."

#### Today — Secularism

To lay bare this false philosophy compounded of an unchristian individualism and a complacent bourgeois spirit — secularism it is called today — was his self-chosen task. He chose it because he was convinced that the irresponsibility of laissez-faire capitalism, the breakdown of the family, the atomization and impersonality of modern society, the prevalent naturalism and materialism and the all-consuming selfishness were but the logical results or manifestations of a rampant false philosophy.

Unless the latter is exposed and destroyed, the mere concentration on the removal of particular evils cannot eventuate in sound social reconstruction.

Nor was it just a question of an underlying and all-pervading vicious philosophy of life: "The march of history," he said, "has for centuries been progressively under the inspiration of a denial of the Church of Christ, then of Christ, and finally of God." The economic, social and political crisis is no pretence of being scholarly

treatises. In an age of confusion and self-complacency he was mainly interested in stirring up thought and discussion that would lead to sound and effective action and long-range social programs.

To his fingertips he was alive with practical plans and action.

In an age of transition he sifted and saved what was good in many suggested plans and programs.

Rather than repeat the clichés of the day, his social writings in large part concern themselves with clarifying key concepts like "capitalism," "person," "human rights," "state," "labor," "property," "common good," "social justice."

Essential for social regeneration are the reform of institutions and the reform of morals, Pius XI had said. Carefully distinguishing between the natural and the supernatural and yet insisting that we must work on both levels for social regeneration, Michel often showed how *Quadragesimo anno* was "verily packed with solid philosophical thought" which must be intensely studied and prudently applied.

He ever insisted that unless and until the general ideas and ideals that dominate modern society change, practical and institutional changes will "be little more than passing events."

Virgil Michel was a man of his time!

## QUOTATIONS

What is the good of hoarding money? Death has another key to your safe—Anonymous.

The man who lives for money never gets enough, and he thinks that is why he is not happy.

—O. Compton.

An educated man is not necessarily a learned man or woman, but one who by some process or other has acquired the capacity to hold his judgment in suspense until he knows the facts. — N. W. Baker.

Prejudice is a wonderful time-saver; it enables one to form an opinion without bothering to get the facts.

The graveyard is filled with people who thought the world couldn't get along without them.

—Anonymous.

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